LEBEES III BIR OW

VERY week brings letters to the Busy Bee editor asking what the boys and girls must do to become Busy Bees. Just write an original story and mail it to the Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb. That is all. The Rules for Young Writers, which appear on this page, explain all the rules governing the page, and the editor hopes every boy and girl will read them carefully and follow them carefully, also, when writing the stories.

The Busy Bees are divided into two bands, the "Red." of which the king bee is captain, and the "Blue," of which the queen bee is captain. The words "Red" and "Blue," which appear over the stories, simply indicate on which side the writer wishes his story counted, and at the end of the reign of each king and queen the prize stories are counted to see which side has written the most. Everyone must be very careful to remember that only original stories will be printed on our page—that is, stories that have been written by the boys and girls who send them in. Every story should be marked "Original" that the editor may be sure it is not copied, and the writers should be careful to mark their stories "Red" or "Blue."

The first prize this week goes to Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, Neb., aged 13, on the Blue side, and the second prize to Alice Grassmeyer of Kearney, aged 14 on the Red side. Adah Hendry of Kearney, aged 12, on the Blue side, receives honorable mention.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Lydia Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand

Island, Neb.

Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand
Island, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Nellson, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln,
Neb. Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortleth street, Omaha.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Juanita Innes, 2763 Fort street, Omaha. Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb. Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb. Zola Beddwo, Orleans, Neb. Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb. Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb. Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb. Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha, Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb. Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb. Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb. Neb. Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.

Elsie Hamilton, 2028 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Irene Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Hughie Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Hughie Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma M. Touardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha, Mayrie Jebsen, 2509 Izard street, Omaha, Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Helen Heuck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha, Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street, Omaha,

Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.

Three Little "Wild West" Children



THESE LITTLE FOLKS WERE AT THE OMAHA CARNIVAL

By Mand Walker.

Lucy and the Bear

to the station.' little daughter Lucy. They were going to caves, natural as well as artificial.

their little town-to spend the day with cream to make us cool while we rest a Mrs. Hearne's sister, Mrs. Brown, who bit," suggested Ned, leading Lucy to a lived there. And Mrs. Brown's son Ned, a little refreshment pavilion near at hand. 15-year-old lad, had promised Lucy a great "All right, Mamma," cried Lucy, running upstairs to get her little wrist bag table on a broad verands overlooking the

with her. "I'll be ready in less time than and eating Ned's name was called by a it takes to count fifty." So saying the little girl was off like a flash and back into the sitting room again before her mother had quite finished with locking up the and brother will have luncheon and dinner at grandmamma's," explained Mrs. Hearne. "And now, dearle, we're off."

The ride to the station was a delightful one, and Lucy was just as happy as she could be making plans for the day in the great bustling city where she did not get to go very often during the term of school. But as this was Saturday, and Mrs. Hearne had not paid her sister a visit for some time, she had decided to go while the weather was fine and give Lucy the pleasure of a visit to the Zoo.

Mrs. Brown and Ned were at the station to meet Mrs. Hearne and Lucy, Ned taking care of the hand luggage and of Lucy. "Here," he said laughingly to his little "country cousin," as he tensingly called Lucy, "I'll have to keep an eye on you or you'll be taken up for a wild girl."

Lucy was much amased at her blg cousin Ned's jokes and retaliated as best she could, but being only 9 years old she could not hope to "hold her own" with such a wiseacre as Ned.

After luncheon Ned took Lucy to the The Zoo was about a mile from the city limits and was a very complete one, acres of her. and acres being covered by animal houses, monkey house, Lucy laughing and laughing about five minutes' rapid walking. till her sides ached at the funny antics of

Then they visited the lions, the tigers, and grass-grown. "What, I don't remember

ELL, dearle, hurry up, for the wolverines, the buffalo, the camels, the we're off in ten minutes. Our elephants, the elk and the deer. But the train leaves in about half an bears were left till the last, as they were hour, and we've a ten-minute kept at a place some distance from the It was other Mrs. Hearne who spoke to her wooded cliff that abounded in boulders and

Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth

Huida Lundburg, Fremont, Neb. Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street,

Maurice Johnson, 1927 Locust street,

Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street,

Louis Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth ave-

iue. Omaha. Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth

street, Omaha. Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentleth

street, Omaha. Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortleth street,

Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.

Ins Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elsie Stasiny, Wilber, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Mary Fredrick, York, Neb.
Pauline Parks, Tork, Neb.
Edna Behlirg, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Stoux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Hox 71, Malvern, Ia.
Elsanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Edith Amend, Sherldan, Wyo.
Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.

Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street,

street Omaha. Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue,

the city-about fifteen miles distant from "Now, cousin, suppose we have some ice

Lucy was glad enough to enjoy both the ice cream and the rest, and in a few minutes she and Ned were seated at a little which she had forgotten to bring down grounds of the Zoo. As they sat chatting voice familiar to him, and turning about he saw two young friends from the city.

"Why, hello, Frank and Tom!" he called out. "Wait a minute and I'll come down doors and securing the windows. "Papa to the path." Then excusing himself from Lucy for a few minutes. Ned joined his friends on the big path leading towards the gate. "Til be back after a little Cousin," he explained to Lucy. "And you just rest and watch the crowds while I'm away. I want to talk to Frank and Tom about our boating club."

After Ned was gone Lucy decided to wander about the grounds in the vicinity of the refreshment pavilion, thinking that she would not forget to keep an eye on the spot where Ned had left her so that she might join him the minute he reappeared. But the crowds, the many new features of the Zoo hitherto unseen by like her." Lucy, carried her on and on unconsciously, and before she realized that she was out of sight of the spot on the veranda where she and Ned had eaten such lovely ice this place!" she exclaimed under her while strolling about the zoo. cream she found herself in a shady nook breath. "But maybe I was looking at the bordering upon a rock-strewn cliff.

Pausing, Lucy looked about her, at first feeling no apprehensions. Then, not seeing the refreshment pavilion any where about, she became a little frightened, thinking that she might have some difficulty in reaching there before Ned's return. And Zoo, while their mothers went shopping. If he should get back first and find her gone he would at once rush off in search

"Oh, I came only a little way," Lucy recages and pens. Lucy had visited the Zoo assured herself, turning about and walking once when she was a little tot of 5 years, as fast as she could in the very wrong dibut had not been there since. So the visit rection, though she thought she was reheld much interest for her. Long she and tracing her steps. "Mercy, I had no idea her cousin Ned remained in front of the I had come so far!" she exclaimed after Then of a sudden she came to a very

thick wood, where the paths grew dinimer

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will e given preference. Do not use over 50 words.

4. Original stories or letters only 5. Write your name, ago and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CRILOREN'S D. PARTMENT, Omaha Bos.

(First Prize.)

Hildagarde's "Mad List" By Ruth Ashby, Age 13, Fairbury, Neb.

"I can't, Aunt Helen; I'm mad at her." "What! sngry at Venda? I thought it

was Betty and Gwendolyn?" "So it was yesterday, but it's Venda "Dear me, Hildegarde, how many of

the girls have you been mad at in the last fortnight?" "Let me see; Beverly, Betty, Gwendolyn, Genevieve, Dorothy, Francis, Evelyn, Anita and Harvey, and-why, Aunt Helen, I've been mad at every one of the girls

of my size except Katherine, and I don't

people and did not notice this spot. Any-

surely lead me to the right place."

felt more and more anxious.

pose you keep a 'mad list.' That is, each it began to rain. I released my hold and girl you get angry at put her name down ran into the house to get out of the rain on paper and on Friday hand it to me." for thinking of it," cried Hildegarde.

was handed in it had four names and a tree. week later only one.

"I really couldn't help that, Auntle, for it was only Katherine," explained Hilde garde.

"Only Katherine, dear, but please remember Katherine has no mother and. being an only child, is used to having her own way. Her mother was my dearest friend," said Aunt Helen.

let's play hookey. It will be lots of fun," "Oh, auntie, you never told me that." said Bill. But Tom shook his head. The next Friday evening there was no Mother had said, "Thomas be a good boy 'mad list" at all. On Saturday afternoon the door opened and in walked all the girls, even Kathfather who were very poor. Bill's father

erine. They had come on Aunt Helen's invitation to surprise her. "Oh, Aunt Helen! I really love Kath-"Hildegarde, why don't you go over and erine almost as well as Beverly and

Venda," said Hildegarde that evening.

(Second Prize.)

Uncle Will's Scare

Alice Grassmeyer, Aged 14, Kearney, Neb., "Tell us a story, uncle," said Jack and tatling, Thomas. His mother said he went "Allright, what shall it be about?"

"The time you got scared," said Ted. "Well, boys, I'll tell you of the time I was nearly blown away by a cyclone. It

For another five minutes Lucy followed moss and to open the bag of sweet cakes, bear's mouth. And he, the hungry fellow, the plainest path of several dim ones. But as the scene about her became wilder and give myself some strength," she said, to the fact that his keepers were advancing bed he was very much surprised to see him she met only an occasional pedestrian, she rection unless I see someone who can di- away. "Mercy, me!" she whispered to herself. rect me rightly. While I wait for a few In another minute a muzzle covered the 'What if I'm lost! But surely the path minutes for someone to turn up I'll have funny long nose of young Mr. Bear, and will take me to some place in the grounds of the soo, where I'll see a policeman and bag and began eating it, but not with her stop eating cake. Then he was led away, I'll have him take me to the refreshment usual relish for such dainties. Indeed, so Lucy walking quietly beside him, for she Lucy trudged on again, her little wrist was little Lucy that she ate without come to bring her assistance in the woods. bag dangling from her wrist and a paper tasting, and after the first few bites were. The rough men told Lucy that she was sack of sweet cakes under her arm. Her taken she was about to throw the cake half a mile distant from the pavilion and auntle had given her the bag of cakes, away and to return over the grass-grown that she had taken the turn, which led thinking that she might become hungry mouth spened and bit at the cake. Then very hostile to you, young Miss." Lucy sprang to her feet and saw a strange-

> smiling and holding out the cake. "Well, tree." right path to find the pavilion."

there! Go round to the right. Well, I from Lucy's hand a little white before.

never seen the likes of that before!" the bank feeding cake to the animal -we'd had a fine time catchin' 'im.' of the burly men, and he was slowly ap- while all the time I thought it was a dog." you?

proaching the spot where Lucy sat almost Helen to go for a walk with them that Now Lucy was a very sensible little girl, petrified at his words. "A bear-a bear!" night, and not to bring her back, but hold considering her tender years. And the first And she drew in her breath quickly. "Oh, her for ransom, they left the shed. As way, I'll follow the open path and it will thing she did after realizing that she was I thought he was a dog!" But she sat soon as John thought prudent he also left lost was to sit down on a soft bank of perfectly quiet, holding the cake to the the shed and hurried home. His father "While I rest and think it over I'll eat to acting as though he were entirely oblivious he and his wife both thought John still in "And I won't go a step farther in this di- upon him, sat on his haunches and nibbled

at a furious pace, tearing things as it

The wind blew for an age, it seemed to;

then it gave a stronger gust of wind than

ever and went merrily on its way. Then

(Horoable Mention.)

Bill's Morals

Adah Hendryx, Aged 12, Kearney, Neb.

School had begun, and two boys, Tom and

Bill, had started. "We're early, Tom, come

and mind thy father." Tom's mother was

dead and he lived with his aunt and

was a banker and was very rich. "Bill,

you can go if you wish, but I want my

schooling," said Tom. If you don't you

will be mamma's baby," replied Bill. "I

would rather be mamma's baby than any-

one else," said Tom. Off went Bill and

Tom again started for school. He played

foot ball a while and school called, "Where

is William" (Bill's real name) asked Miss

Hureton. Now be honest. It won't be

"but he left me and said he was going to

play hookey." Just then the door opened

"Your courage failed you, did it, Will-

and in walked Bill.

the worst to come.

the tramps strolled by and called to Helen, who was playing in the yard with no one near by, apparently. But just as they my lunch." So she took a cake from the much to his discomfort he was obliged to spoke two policemen seized them from bejail. I do not know what became of the occupied with her own serious dilemma felt no fear of the funny fellow who had tramps, but I do know that now John is always willing to work. By Alice Temple, Aged 16 Years, Lexington, Neb. Blue. path to the spot where she had so sud- from the zoo grounds into the wild woods, dently come upon the wood. But just as she right at the base of the hill where the was planning to do this a soft step was bears were kept. "And this fellow got out asked her mother if she could not go over heard behind her, and before she could last night," they told Lucy, "an' we've to her friend Helen's house to play, and turn round to see who approached a warm been hunting him all this day. Oh' he's take her pony with her. Mamma said yes, nose thrust itself over her shoulder and a not a pet by any means, but he don't seem so off she started.

"That's because I'm not afraid of him, looking, long-haired little animal beside and fed him some cakes," laughed Lucy. her, still reaching its nose for the cake. "Though, if I'd known he was really and "What a funny dog!" she exclaimed, surely a bear I'd have run and climbed a

little old doggie, just eat of the cake all Lucy found Ned all right. He was loiterthat you wish, for I've got plenty more ing round the pavilion, on the watch for in the bag. And I'll sit down here and his strayed or stolen cousin, and you give you your fill. You've certainly got a should have seen his eyes stick out when master somewhere near by who'll call to he heard of Lucy's experience. "We'll go you pretty soon. And then I'll go with to the bears' caves now and, I'll point him you to join him and he'll put me on the out to you-my friend who rescued me in ght path to find the pavilion." the woods," said Lucy. And straightaway "Ah, there he is!" cried a man's voice. she and Ned went to see the bears, and "And-biess my eyes, am I seeing right?- there, just being led into his pen, was there's a child, feeding him! Be cautious, the young Bruno, who had eaten cake

"Ab, the little girl's a brave un!" ex-In another minute half a dogon men had claimed one of the bear's captors. "Sure, surrounded the spot where Lucy sat on an' if it hadn't been fer her-an' her cakes

Slowly they closed in on the two-the child "And if it hadn't been for him I'd have and her four-footed companion. "Set still, had a fine time finding my way back to there, kiddle, an' keep fesain' that b'ar, the pavilion," declared Lucy. "So we each He'll not hurt you-seein' that he's eatin' did the other a great service. But it was out o' your hand." The speaker was one a jolly experience-feeding cake to a bear, Autumn-Leaf Cushion



PRETTY sofa cushion may be made in the following way: Take a square of dark green linen, the size you wish the cushion; cut out leaves of brown linen, light green linen,

yellow linen and pale yellow and bright orange linen; baste them on In a border design, making a cluster of them in one corner, from which a vine of them issues. to encircle the square. After they have all been basted in place take bright and dark green silk and button-hole them about the edges, chain-stitching voins in the leaves with the same colors. On light green leaves use the dark green floss, and vice versa. If more of a variety of colors is desired, some of the brown leaves may be outlined with bright red silk instead of green. The colors make a pretty combine tion, and the cushion cover will be both may be of bright red canvas or heavy light-colored stuffs. The bottom cover form a neat and effective finish.



serviceable and durable, not soiling easily twilled cotton. A mixed brown and red or like more dainty pillow tops of silk or green cord may be put about the edge to

as to make her unconscious. He then laid

her beneath a certain tree and rode off enher peny. It was not tong tot a band of

aypsies came pust and social her they

picked her up, and while the was still un-

conscious they stained her golden bair

When she awoke she had almost forgot-

they had made, such as backets, beats,

prise she found this man was her father

who had looked for her ever five years.

Wallace took her home, where she lived

Cecile's Trip to Fairyland

happily.

black and her white skin brown.

mother's baby than be led into evil by think forest, and as she was about half others." "I will try to mind it, Miss Hurl- way a man aprang from behind a bush ton," said Bill. Remember, boys and girls, and took hold of the pony's bridle. He it is not only the rich that are good nor then gagged her and nave her such a blow the poor that are bad.

A Disobedient Girl

By Mildred Jensen, Aged 9 Years, Sixtleth and Center Streets, Omahs. Blue. Once there was a little girl that asked her mamma if she could go out and play. Her mamma said yes, but she shouldn't ten everything and they set het to werk. go out of the yard. So she went outside Spen her head got better, for it had been and never thought of what her mother had very sore, and she began to remember said, and went out of the gate and walked all, and how she wished to be home, but down the road into a field to pick flowers. she was many miles away. She kept on walking and picking until she One day they camped near a small fewn got tired and layed herself down under and most of them went is to sell things a shady tree and went to sleep.

As her mother missed her she went out- etc. side and called and called, but no one Bossie had a basket of them and was answered. Little Pearl's mamma was so trying to sell them when a man came up nervous that she didn't know what she and bought several things of her, and then was doing. She telephoned all over, but no he asked her if there was a girl who had one had seen her. She said to herself, been found, by the name of Bessete Watthe afternoon I saw clouds gathering. One "maybe she went down into the pasture." lace, in their camp, Bease looked up and the afternoon I saw clouds gathering. One She went down into the pasture and looked said, "I am she." But the man each. cloud in particular took on a kind of fun- all around but couldn't see her little girl, "Bessie had white skin, guiden hair, and nel shape. I went on with my work, not She went a little further and saw some- deep blue eyes, but you certainly have eyes heeding the clouds as I ought to have done. thing white down by a tree. She went down like her." I was in the barn and happened to look to the tree and there she found her little. Then Bessle told him all and to her surout in time to see that funnel cloud coming girl lying asleep.

She had a big bunch of flowers of all went. I ran for the cave, but it was too kinds. Her mother called her, but she They had discovered the pony and the far away; so I just put my arms around a didn't answer. Her mother picked her up man and he had confessed all and big apple tree in the yard and waited for and carried her home and as she got home added size that he had said Bounta he the little girl awoke. Her mother asked neath that tree because he knew that those "Boards and bricks, palls and straw flew her why she went down by the pasture. gypsies would pass in a few minutes. Thin in all directions. I held on for dear life. Little Pearl said she wanted to pick a nice It tore things up pretty badly. The house bunch of flowers for her mamma, but said and barn were slightly damaged and the she would never be a disobedient girl rest of the buildings were torn to pieces, again.

When John Ran Away

By Mabel Neumayer, Aged 11 Years, 322 North Wheeler, Grand Island. Blue. Cecile had been a good girl all day and By Louise Stiles, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue. when she got in bed she fell asleep and John Meridith was lazy. There was no dreamed that a kind fairy came and took and hat. If stopped storming and the doubt about that. If he had to pick beans her to fairy land. First they went throng ; "That's a fine idea, Aunt Helen, Thanks folks soon got home. I'll never forget how or peas he would fill the bottom of the a long hall, which was under ground, and or thinking of it," cried Hildegarde. hot and cold chills worked together that basket with leaves and heap the linest he tree that has been the "mad list" day, and I shall always love that old apple could find on top. If he was left to hoe large number of fuiries stood. Next, into hot and gold chills worked together that basket with leaves and heap the finest he then she went into a large room where a the garden he always ran away and went a room where the queen sat in a heautiful fishing or swimming. Consequently when chair, adorned with rubys, pearls and diahis father made him finish his work when monds. The fairy queen said, "Cecile, since he returned, and more besides, he thought you have been a good girl I am going to pretty hard lines. One Monday, when give you three wishes. What do you wish he had been told to hoe the garden, he did first?" the usual thing and went fishing. When "I wish that I could be kind and true returned his father made him finish to every one, and next to obey marama hoeing and sent him to bed supperless, and papa, and next to be a good girl every-After he was in bed a quick plan formed where," replied Cecile. itself in his mind. He would run away. "Such good wishes," cried the queen After everyone was in bed he quietly "and all are granted. Come on to our ball dressed and stole down stairs. He put a we have a dance every evening, you may unch up in a basket and left the house dance with me if you wish." Coeffe went and town behind. He walked up the rail- to the ball and all of a sudden she was in road track for about three miles, then her nice cozy little bed, with her mother feeling very tired and hungry, he left the calling her for school. track and entered a deserted shed near by, which had once been used for horses, but had long been vacant of any living creature except rate and mice. Here he ate a lunch, then he lay down, intending to sleep for a few hours. He must have slept longer than he intended, for when he awoke the sun was shining brightly and while he was still half asleep a train whizzed by that to school with you. "He did," said Tom, he knew to enter Dinsdale at 7 a. m. He sprang up and started to leave the shed. when he heard voices and crept behind a pile of straw in one corner. The voices were those of two tramps, who entered the was about the middle of June. The folks lam?" said the teacher. Bill didn't raise shed and sat down near where John was had all gone cherry picking sixteen miles his head. And Miss Hurlton said: "Let hiding. "Yes," one was saying, "If we can "Now, dearle," said Aunt Helen "sup- away. The morning had been hot and in this be our motto, "I would rather be get hold of that little Meridith girl her father will pay much money to get her back." After planning to coax 3-year-old

was just leaving for down town, and as

come panting up, trying to tell something

about tramps and Helen. That evening

hind and hurried them off to the county

Bessie's Adventures

Bessie Wallace ran in the house and

On her way she had to go through a



At Evening.

Till 9 o'clock each night. And get tomorrow's lessons By the lamp and firelight.

"To see my mother sewing. And near her father dear eading the evening paper So that only she may hear

"And 'cross the table from me My brothers, Tom and Jim, Delving into figures With energy and vim.

"And on the rug so comfy Old Tabby cat, asleep. Now and then a-purring, Or taking a sly peep.

"Oh, it is just so lovely, This home of mine, you see, Where round the fire each evening We gather after ten ANNIE JAMES

Prattle of the Youngsters

Little Joe (to western uncle)-Uncle Char- Mamma-Certainly not, my dear. I'm lie, are you a cowboy? Uncle Charlie-That's what I am.

Little Joe-Well, where are your horns?

Small Harold noticed that a stylish young man who was calling on his sister wore now that you used to be? shoes that tapered to a point. "Say," queried the little fellow, "is your toes all cutted off but one?"

who made my geography was color blind, interested in a book. Mamma-Why do you think so, dear? Little Edgar-'Cause he's got Greenland neked. painted yellow.

Little Flora-Mamma, you ain't a girl, are

woman. Little Flora-But you were a little girl weren't you? Mamma-Oh, you; years ago.

Little Flora-Well, where is the little girl A bishop was staying with a friend in a

country house On Sunday morning, as ha passed through the library, he found a Little Edgar-Mamma, I guess the man small boy curied up in a big chair, deeply "Are you going to church, Tom?" he

"No, sir," he replied.

"Why, I am," said the bishop.

"Huh," said the boy, "you've got to go. It's your job."

"WHAT A FUNNY DOG!" SHE EXCLAIMED, SMILING AND HOLDING OUT THE CAKE.